NO, NO.

A new Song

S ng At Vaux Hall.

By Mr. VERNON.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my delight, and my pride,
always have boaſted and ſeek not to hide,
dwell on her priſes wherever I go,
They ſay I'm in love, but I anſwer No, No,

CHORU

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no, no.
They ſay I'm in love, but I anſwer No, No,

At evening oftimes with what pleaſure I ſee,
A note from her hand, I'll be with you at Tea,
My heart how it bounds when I hear her blow,
But ſay its not Love, for I anſwer No, no.

She tells me her faults as ſhe ſits on me knee,
I chide her, and ſwear ſhe's an Angle to me,
My ſhoulder ſhe taps, and bids me think ſo,
Who knows but ſhe loves tho' ſhe anſwers No, no

But ſuch is my temper, ſo dull am I grown,
I aſk not her heart, but would conquor my own,
Her boſom's ſoft peace ſhould I ſeek to o'erthrow,
And try to perſwade, tho' I anſwer No, no.

From beauty and wit, and good humour how I,
Should prudence adviſe, and compel me to fly,
Thy bounty, O Fortune make haſte to beſtow,
And let me deſerve her, or ſtill I'll ſay No. T_W